





No. Trent **DEFOE 21.D83 1719**

Treadwell · Elizabeth · Phillips · Kirstein ·

NO. 2



THE
WILLIAM P. TRENT COLLECTION
WORKS RELATING TO
DANIEL DEFOE
AND HIS TIME

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON

*Purchased from the Income of
SUNDRY TRUST FUNDS*

Clement · Charlotte Harris · Whitney ·

FN711: 29: 3M.

4 v. in 1

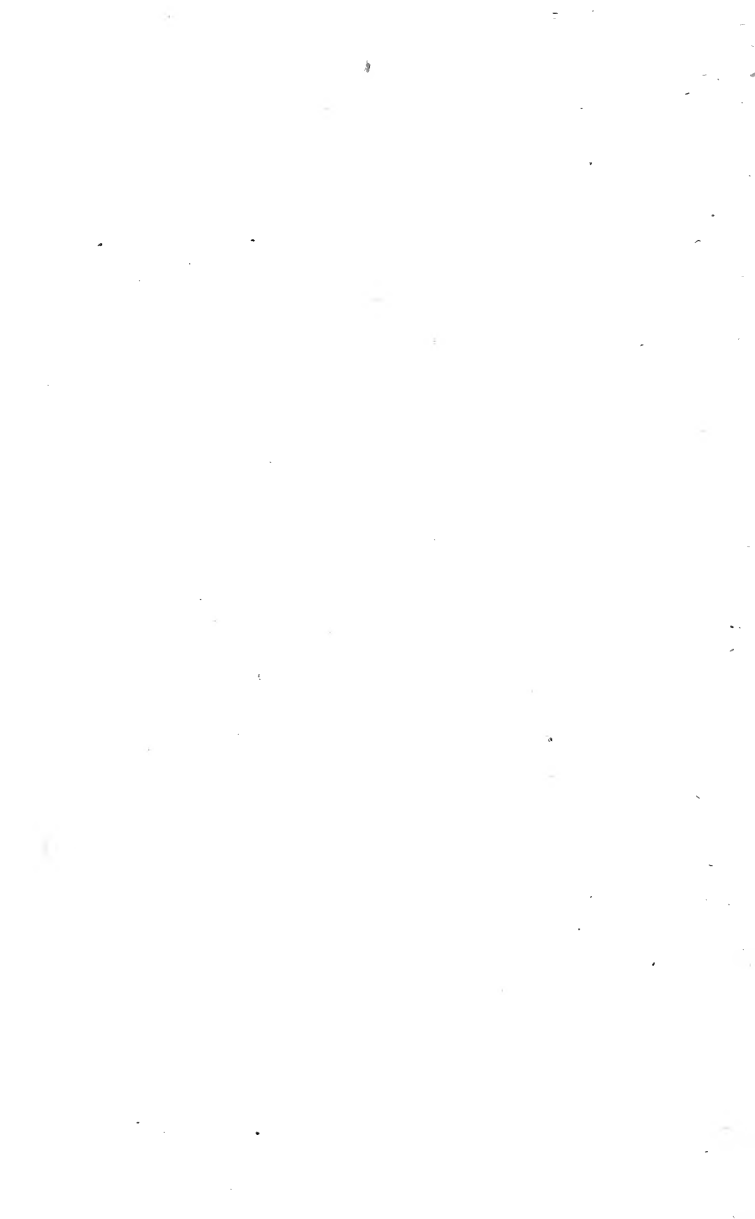


no. 1 = 39999059852937

no. 2 = " 2739

no. 3 = " 2911

no. 4 = " 2929



D. 100.

Dumb Photograph

lacks 1/2 letter +

pp 63-64.

see page.

3/11 - 1900. (2)



3 THE 4.

Dyct of Poland,

A

SATYR.

By Joseph ...
for ...



PRINTED

At Dantzick, in the Year MDCCV.

The PREFACE.

AS *Poland* lyes almost in the same Latitude with *England*, so the Character the Poet has here given of the *Poles*, seems so exactly to match what some ill-natur'd People have said of some in *England*, that he easily foresees this Censorious Age will be apt to mis-judge him, as if he had some Oblique Meaning, and that this was a *Satyr* levell'd at some People nearer Home than the Castle of *Warsaw*.

But the Author humbly hopes all such *Inuendo-Men* will consider, that as they can have no Reason to think so, but *Similitude* of Characters, so no Conjectures of theirs ought to pre-judge his Meaning, in which he demands to be left to himself, and expects to be understood in the following Poem as he *Speaks*, not as every prejudic'd Man may imagine he *meant*.

If any are so weak to tell us, That *Smithfield* and *Cheapside* cannot be meant of *Poland*, the Author presumes to ask such People, if ever they have been at *Warsaw*; and if they have, and don't know that there is both a *Smithfield* and a *Cheapside*, as well as a *May-Fair*, and a *Bear-garden*, he is sorry for their Heads, and desires them to step thither again, to reform their Memories.

But suppose there are not places call'd directly by those Names, If there are places apply'd to the same Uses, what has any body to do to question the Allegories? A poor Author must never Write at all, if he is not at liberty to choose his *Metaphors*, and all the rest of the necessary Figures of Speech to help out his Expression.

If 'tis alledg'd that there is too great an Affinity in the Story.---He answers, If that be true, he is sorry for it; but at the same time he hopes not, and the Matter of Fact ought to be prov'd, before he stands Censur'd for Calumny.

'Tis very hard, that a Man cannot Write of the Follies of other Nations, but People will be always comparing them with their own. One would ha' thought the Author had travell'd far enough to find out Histories and odd Passages to divert us; but if neither *China*, *Poland*, nor the Inhabitants of the *Moon* will protect Folks from being hang'd, as the *Frenchman* said, *for tinkering*, go on, Gentlemen, and if the *Cap* fits any Body let 'em wear it. You are welcome to say these *Polish* *Grandees* represent *Englishmen*,

The P R E F A C E.

but look to it, *ye Sons of Censure*, that can Swear to a Man's Meaning, and knows his Inside without the help of his Outside: For if the People your Profundity pretends to describe, are affronted, the Action of Slander lyes against you, and not the Author. In the Writing 'tis a Poem, you, in the Reading turn it into a Libel, and you merit the Punishment for the Metamorphosis.

Perhaps there is a sort of Affinity among the Vitious part of Mankind in all Countries and Climates; and the Author doubts not he should have run the same Risque of Misconstruction, had he Wrote this at *Paris* as at *London*, that he should have been Summon'd before the Court of *Honour* for Libelling the Princes of the *Blood*, the *Sorbonne*, or the *Councillors of Parliament*; 'tis very hard it should fit there and here too.

Since then this is the Fate of Authors, and he must expect it, he submits, but desires however, that these Unchristian Cenlures will take this along with them, and so make a Vertue of their want of Charity, That wherever the Similitude of Character pinches them too close, they would prevent the Severity of the Application, by reforming the Likeness; the Satyr wou'd then have the desired Effect, *viz.* By drawing the imaginary Picture of Outlandish Devils, really transform your our own.

Nor do I apprehend the World will be less Sollicitous about who is the Author of this: Some perhaps will guess one, some another; and the *Hawkers*, they tell me, will according to Custom, cry it about Street in the famous Name of *Daniel de Foe*. And tho' they might as well guess it was Wrote by the Man in the *Moon*, yet I am content he, or any body else should go away with the Credit of it. 'Tis enough that I am out of the reach of the *Polish* Resentments, and cannot be Prosecuted by the *Cardinal Primate*, most of the Persons here toucht at, being his Friends, and all of them in his Interest; and as for the rest of the World, they may do their worst.

I am their Unconcerned Humble Servant,

Anglipoloski,

Of Lithuania.

T H E
D Y E T of P O L A N D,
A
S A T Y R.

I N Northern Climes where furious Tempests blow,
And Men more furious raise worse Storms below,
At Nature's Elbow, distant and remote,
Happy for Europe had She been forgot,
The World's *Proboscis*, near the Globe's Extremes,
For barb'rous Men renown'd, and barb'rous Names,
There *Poland* lies too much her Maker's Care,
And shares the mod'rate Blessings of the Air,
Just as far off from Heav'n as we are here:

Under the Artick Circle of the Sky,
Where Vertues Streams run low, and Natures high,
For Heat of Clime too far, of Blood too nigh,
Temper'd for Plenty, plenteously supply'd,
With Men advanc'd in ev'ry Grace *but Pride.*

A mighty Nation throngs the groaning Land,
Rude as the Climate, num'rous as the Sand:
Uncommon monstrous *Vertues* they possess,
Strange odd prepostrous *Polish* Qualities;
Mysterious Contraries they reconcile,
The *Pleasing Frown* and the *Destroying Smile*;
Precisely gay, and most absurdly grave,
Most *humbly high*, and *barbarously brave*;
Debauch'dly Civil and *Prophanely Good*,
And fill'd with *Gen'rous brave Ingratitude*,
By *Bounty disoblig'd*, by *Hatred won*,
Bold in their Danger, Cowards when 'tis gone;
To their own Ruin they're the only Tools,
Wary of Knaves, and eas'ly chous'd by Fools;
Profoundly empty, yet *declar'dly wise*,
And fond of blind *Impossibilities*;
Swell'd with Conceit, they boast of all they do,
First praise themselves, then think that Praise their Due:
So fond of flatt'ring Words, so vain in Pride,
The World *Mocks* them, and they the World *Deride*:
Value themselves upon their Nations Merit,
In Spight of all the *Vices* they inherit;

So wedded to the Country where they dwell,
 They think that's Heav'n, and all the World's a Hell.
 Their frozen *Vistula* they'd not forgo,
 For fruitful *Danube*, or the flow'ry *Po*.
 Rapid *Boristhenes* delights them more
 Than pearly Streams, or a *Peruvian* Shore :
 And *Russian Dwina* dwells upon their Song,
 Hurried by barb'rous Steeps and Hills, and push't along.

The Land too happy would the People bless,
 Could they agree to know their Happiness ;
 Nature with very liberal Hand supplies
 Her Situation-Insufficiencies :
 The temperate Influence revolves of Course,
 And Spight of Climate Nature works by Force.
 The bounteous Spring the Winters Wait repairs,
 And makes the World grow young in Spight of Years.
 The fruitful Earth uncommon Freedom shows,
 And foreign Wealth by foreign Commerce flows.

But Peopl'd with a hard'ned Thankless Race,
 Whose Crimes add Horror to the milder Place,
 The Bounties by indulgent Heav'n bestow'd,
 Corrode the Mischief and debauch the Blood.
 That Native Fierceness which in Christian Lands
 Makes Heroes, and their Poets Praise commands,
 Here 'tis a Vice, which rankles up to *Fewd*,
 And nourishes the Guest of vile Ingratitude.
 Pride, Plenty's Hand-maid, deeply taints their Blood,
 And Seeds of Faction mix the Crimson Flood.
 Eternal Discords brood upon the Soil,
 And universal Strifes the State embroil.
 In every Family the Temper reigns,
 In every Action Seed of Gall remains.
 The very Laws of Peace create Dispute,
 And makes them quarrel who shall execute.
 Their valu'd Constitutions are so lame,
 That Governing the Governments inflame.
 Wild Aristocracy torments the State,
 And People their own Miseries create.

In vain has Heav'n its choicer Gifts bestow'd,
 And strives in vain to do a *Wilful* Nation Good :
 Such is the Peoples Folly, such their Fate,
 As all Decrees of Peace anticipate.
 Immortal Jarrs in ev'ry Class appear,
 Conceiv'd in Strife, and Nurs'd to Civil War.

Such, *Poland*, is thy People, such thy Name,
 Yet still thy Sons our Panegyricks claim,

Because their partial Genius is inclin'd
To think they merit more than all Mankind.

Imaginary Happiness will do
For near as many Uses as the true :
And if the *Poles* in their own Plagues delight,
Wise Heaven's too just to let them thrive in Spight.

Great *Sobieski* had their Crown obtain'd,
With steady Glory thirteen Years he Reign'd,
And none *but who some Mischief meant*, complain'd.
His Conqu'ring Sword made all Men think it fit,
That he who sav'd the Land should Govern it.
The Field of Battle he had first possess'd,
By Sixty Thousand slaughter'd *Turks* confess'd.
The fatten'd Frontiers felt the reeking Flood,
And dy'd the Soil with *Asiatick* Blood.
The weeping *Neister* half the Host receives,
Hurries them down to darker *Euxine* Graves :
And *Mahomet's* insulting Banners lay
Beneath the Cross, his Valour's easie Prey.

With mild and gentle, but with steady Hand,
He rather led than rul'd th' uneasie Land.
Fill'd with Important Cares, he saw their Fate,
And all the growing Mischiefs their own Feuds create ;
Which made him less repine, and less deplore
To quit the Crown with such Concern he wore.

Tell us, ye Sons of Policy and Fraud,
Whose vast Intrigues your selves alone applaud ;
Who always plot too deep, and soar too high,
And Damn the Nations Peace you know not why,
What ail'd the *Poles*, with Peace and Plenty blest,
To change for Years of Blood their Days of Rest ?
Decribe the Men of Avarice and Pride,
With all Ambitions dark Disguise array'd ;
How, for the Nation's Liberty, they Cant
'Till those *they say abuse it* they supplant,
And then the mock pretended Sham lay by,
Pleas'd with the Profits of Authority.

Statesmen are Gamesters, Sharp and Trick's the Play,
Kings are but Cullies, wheed'ld in to Pay ;
The Courtiers Foot-balls, kick'd from one to one,
Are always Cheated, oftentimes Undone ;
Besieg'd with Flatt'ry, false Report, and Lies,
And sooth'd with Schemes of vast Absurdities.
The jangling Statesmen clash in their Designs,
Fraud fights with Fraud, and Craft to Craft inclines ;

Stiffly engage, quarrel, accuse and hate,
 And strive *for Leave* to help undo the State ;
 For all the strong Contention ends in this,
 Who shall *the Pow'r of doing Ill* possess :
 Envy and Strife are only rais'd so high,
 Because a Man's a greater Knave than I :
 But if I can his Place and Wealth succeed,
 He rails of Course, and I'm the Knave indeed.
 Places and Pensions are the *Polish* Spoil
 Will all sides please, and all sides reconcile.
 'Tis natural to all the Sons of Men,
 To *Rail* and *Plot* when out, be *Quiet* in.

Long had Divided *Poland* felt the Smart
 Of vast Intrigues and Politicians Art :
 As many Men of Character and Blood ;
 So many Thieves about the Scepter stood ;
 As many Gifts th' Exhausted Prince could give,
 So many Friends he only seem'd to have :
 The craving Wretches hang about the Throne,
 He gave them all the Nations Wealth, and all his own.

Not all the Conquer'd Lands the *Turk* resign'd,
 Not all the World, had he the World obtain'd
 Wou'd their insatiate Avarice suffice,
 Supply their Hands or satisfy their Eyes ;
 Who shall unhappy sinking *Poland* save
 What Gifts can close the Hands that always crave,
 Unsatisfi'd as Death, and Greedy as the Grave ?
 At every just Refusal Discontent,
 And rave *for Want of Bribes* at Government.

The Valiant *Sobieski* had bestow'd
Moldavian Lands he conquer'd by his Sword.
 He thought it just *that Province* to bestow,
 On those whose Valour helpt to make it so ;
 But all the wiser, Men who had no Share,
 Against the Justice of the Gift declare,
 Oblige the yielding Hero to recant,
 And re-bestow the hasty envy'd Grant.

But tell us, now, ye Men of *Polish* Wit,
 How the *Moldavian* feels the formal Cheat ;
 Let *A---leski* reimburse the Bribes,
 Ravisht to wrong, instate the *Polish* Tribes.
 Let all the sham Conveyances appear,
 The Phantome Sales, and Fancy'd Purchaser.
 Let some true Satyr all that Grievance lash
 Lands without Title, Buyers without Cash.

Under the weighty Fraud *Moldavia* bleeds,
 And private Cheat the publick Cheat succeeds;
 Retrieving Laws by vast Designs push'd on,
Cover Great Sobieski's Errors by their own.

With all these Frauds and Feuds and Millions more,
 Which rack'd the injur'd *Poles*, and kept them poor,
Wife Sobieski, with strong Carcs oppress'd,
Dismiss the Throne, and chose to be at rest;
 Embroil'd he left them, whom embroil'd he found,
 And Great *Augustus*, with his Pow'r's Enthron'd.

In vain the new Crown'd Monarch strives to please,
 Or Cure th' Hereditary vile Disease.

In vain Confed'rates with the Nations Friends,
 In vain their Laws and Freedom he defends.

The Parties joyn, in Grand Cabals they meet
 The Monarch's healing Projects to defeat;
 Grasp at his Gifts, and share the high Reward,
 But not his Honour or Commands regard.

Not Sacred Oaths can their Allegiance bind
 Farther than by their Int'rest they're inclin'd;
 Prompted by Avarice and deep Revenge,
 With Fawning Face, and awaked Zeal they Cringe

But all *that can no Royal Bounty share*,
 Their factious Thoughts and strong Disgusts declare,
 No Bounds their feign'd Alleg'ance can secure,
 To Day they'll swear, *to Morrow they'll abjure.*

The Monarch willing to dissolve the Feud,
 That spread too fast in their infected Blood,
 Summons the General Dyet to appear,
 The Nations and his own Demands to hear.

Satyr look back, Survey the Glorious Roll,
 The Life of *Polish* Power, the Nations Soul,
Poland's Collection, all the Peoples Breath,
 The Monarch's Safety and the Tyrant's Death.

The ancient Lords of the JAGELLAN Line,
 Here in their representing Glory shine,
 With Loyal Hearts, and strong Industrious Hands,
 Ready to hear *Augustus* great Commands.

The ancient *Polish* Greatness to restore,
 Assist with Council, and support with Power;

What tho' among the Illustrious Troops there's found,
 Some less Polite than some, and some unsound.
 The Devil among *the sacred Twelve* appear'd,
 But Devils *once known* are no more to be fear'd;
The General Votes to Loyalty encline,
 And Mischief sinks beneath her own Design.

Satyr, if there's a *Pole* among the Tribes,
 Less true than Truth it self, 'tis him thy Verse describes.

Here great *Tapuski* first in Order came
 Of bright, unspotted, tho' suspected Fame.
 Youth had supply'd his Head with parent Wit,
 In Judgment solid, and in Sense compleat ;
 The Muses him with early Garlands Crown'd,
 Sublime in Verse, and in his Phrase profound ;
 Polite in Language, in his Satyr strong,
 Yet kills with all the Softness of a Song :
 To steady Justice all his Thoughts encline,
 Faithful in Council, able in Design ;
 Rais'd by due Merit to the highest Trust,
 The *Captious Senate* own'd that Merit just.
 What cannot high Exalted Vertue do ?
 He shows this strange unusual Wonder true,
 The Monarch's Fav'rite, and the Peoples too ;
 His Enemies to his just Praise submit,
 Fly from his Satyr, and adore his Wit ;
 In vain they form Impolitick Designs,
 Envy lies bury'd in her deepest Mines.
 For both Sides own this Character's his Due
 Always to *Poland*, and *Augustus* true.

There *Ruski* with his early Trophies stood
 Won from the *Swedes* upon the *Baltick* Flood.
 When *Conti* strove to snatch the Polish Crown,
 And all the *Gen'rous Poles* his Conduct own.

Rigatski next, our just Applause Commands,
 The *Polish* Peace on his wise Conduct stands ;
 High Chancellor in *Sobieski's* Reign ;
 And all true *Poles* would have him so again.
 In Law upright, and prudent in the State,
 In Council deep, in Execution great ;
 But by the Faction of the *Swedes* oppress'd,
 And to make way for Fools and Knaves dismiss'd.

Amongst the *Polish* Prelates there appear'd
Cujavia, lov'd for Piety, for Prudence fear'd ;
 Careless of Faction, or of Party-hate,
 He firmly fixt to *Sobieski's* Fate ;
 Follow'd his Fortune, and his Favour shar'd,
 And had the *Miter* for his just Reward.
 What tho' the *Metropolitan* declin'd,
 And more for *Conti's* Monarchy design'd ;
Cujavia, all the *Primates* Place supply'd ;
 And *Poland*, her intended Prince enjoy'd ;

Culm, and *Posnani*, Ecclesiastick Peers,
 And *Parcherouski*, old in Zeal as Years ;
 With thirteen Sacred *Polish* Miters who
 Are *Polish* Lords, and *Polish* Prelates too
 Were all to *Poland* and *Augustus* true.

These wore the *Polish* Lawrels to the last,
 And fixt the *Polish* Liberties so fast,
 That Fate it self cou'd not the Band destroy,
 But what they once possess they still enjoy.
 These were the *Columns* which so long sustain'd
 The *Load of State* when *Sobieski* Reign'd ;
 Who all the Lines of Government restor'd,
 And held the Scepter while *he drew the Sword*.
 When he encamp't on the *Moldavian* Plains,
 And freed the *Poles* from *Mahomet's* *Servile Chains*,
 The *Turkish* Banners to his Sword submit
Abroad his Valour, and at home their Wit ;
 They fought with *Equal* Enemies at home,
 And *Equal* Trophies to their Conduct come ;
 They Conquer'd Difficulties of the State
 Make all Men own their Conduct to be Great ;
 And they that seek to blame their Management,
 And charge on them what they could not prevent,
 Should tell us in what Age it shall be known
No Faults attend the State, no Knaves the Crown.

Ungrateful *Poland*, never will be blest
 Till *Sobieski's* Managements confess ;
 Till some of his forgotten Rules restor'd
 Such Statesmen weild the Scepter, *such the Sword* ;
 Till some such Heads in *Polish* Council sit,
 And some such Hero shall for *Poland* fight.

Finski, and Upright *Lithuanian* Peer,
 Sets up for sinking *Poland's* Prime Visier ;
 For Application and Impertinence
 No Man has half so much with half his Sense ;
 With formal Step, and high *Majestick* Grain,
 Is *Polander* without, and *Suede* within.
 Envy and awkward Spleen sit on his Face,
 In Speech precise, but always thinks apace ;
 In *Earnest Nonsense* does his Hours divide,
 Always to little Purpose, much employ'd.
 Strong in Opinion, in his Judgment Weak,
 And thinks himself exceeding Politick.
 The Musick of his Tongue is his Disease,
 Conceives absurdly what he speaks with Ease.
 The Discord of his Faculties is plain,
 He talks with Pleasure, what he thinks with Pain

And there 'tis own'd he shows some Policy
 To make his fluent Tongue his Brain supply.
 So Men are pleas'd with Shadows, so from hence
 The World mistakes his jingling Tongue for Sense.
 A busie trifling Statesmen, *Proud and Dull,*
 A thinking, plodding, *wise, substantial Fool;*
 In all vast *Poland's* far extended Round,
 No Man was known so *emptily profound.*
 Polite in Words, a stiff and formal Tongue,
And speaks to little Purpose, very long.

To him *Augustus* gave the *Polish* Seal,
 And made him *Grieffier* to the Common-weal.
 They that cou'd not his License first obtain,
 Might not go out of *Poland* or come in;
 The Publick Safety was the just Pretence
 To keep the *Svedes* from true Intelligence;
 But the more Genuine Reason *was the Pence.*
 For in his time the *Svedes* themselves obtain'd
 His Blanks to pass their Spies to *Polish* Land.

The slow unsteady Mannager appears
 Too hot for Peace, too cold for *Polish* Wars;
 While charm'd with Foreign *Margueritta's* Song,
 His sleeping Orders he delays too long.
 Whole Fleets attend the *Minstrels* softer Notes
 By her the Statesman *steers*, the Members *votes.*
 Well might the *Syren* be compar'd to him
 That doz'd old *Nature* with his Touch Sublime.
 The lofty Cedars danc'd his *softer* *Airs,*
 And lofty *Stupid Statesmen* bow to hers.

Of all the *Polish* grave Nobility,
 None acts so low that e'er was born so high;
 So fond of Liberty, he ne'er endur'd
 The Name of Slave, no, not to his own Word.

Augustus saw, and soon mistlik'd the Man,
 And found him to the *Svedish* Cause incline;
 With eazy Skill he read his well known Fate,
 A useles, unregarded Tool of State.
 What tho' the *Polish* Dyet was possess'd,
 And blindly in his Favonr *once* *Address'd;*
 The publick Banter all the Kingdom knew,
 It mov'd their *Mirth* and *Indignation* too:
 The general fixt Dislike *Augustus* saw,
 Laid by the haughty Thing, and left him to the Law.
 The *Quacking, Mountebanking* Tool of State,
 That neither could be little, or be great,
 Retir'd to give us time to let him know,
 No Knaves above b'ing told that *He is so.*

Lawrensky next, of *Prussia's* Royal Breed,
 To *Ladistaus* by Marriages ally'd ;
 Tho' Int'rested in *Sobiesky's* Line,
 Yet to the *Suedes* he always did incline :
 He kept the *Polish* Cash in Days of yore,
 When Kings grew Rich, and made the People Poor,
 And fain would now our *Polish* Treasurers teach
 To make their Monarchs Poor, the People Rich.

If Stories known of Old, should be reviv'd,
 Of Leaves torn out, and horrid Facts conniv'd ;
 Of Crimes too Black for Satyr to reveal,
 Which Kings ha' Dy'd, on purpose to Conceal :
 Were but the black Record again Review'd,
 When the false Peer his Master's Fate pursued,
 His Picture would too low for Satyr lye,
 And sink the Wretch beneath Authority ;
 Whether the *French*, the *Sax*, or *Polish* race,
 He ever Fawn'd, and lookt with *Janus* Face.
 When *Sobieski* did the Throne obtain,
 He Grudg'd the Crown, tho' his own Race should Reign :
 But when in *Vice-Roy's* Dignity went Halves,
 He stoopt at Rule *Moldavian* Western Slaves.

Now he Repines the Management supreme,
 Is not, as he contriv'd, resign'd to him :
 For this his *Vice-Roy's* Office he laid down,
 Again to Govern, and Amase the Crown ;
 But wiser Councils laid him gently by,
 And left him to bewail his lost Authority.

Now he Cabals, the Parties to Unite,
 And strives to bring us all to Peace in Spite ;
 Courts ev'ry Side to his absurd Design,
 And thinks to make the *Suedes* and *C Sacks* joyn ;
 My Soul, his slye, pretended Peace abhor,
 The Brooding *Union's* Big with *Civil War* ;
 Rouze ev'ry Loyal Pole to Self-Defence,
 Give them for Arms, their Eyes, for Swords, their Sense, }
 For all Men see the empty sham Pretence.

Old Scymsky was of this intreguing Band,
 A *Polack* born, on *Neiper's* Golden Strand ;
 Antient in Crimes bred up to Fraud and Feud,
 His Int'rest at his Master's Cost pursu'd ;
 A mighty Stock of ill-got Wealth injoy'd,
 When *Polish* Troops our *Polish* Lands destroy'd ;
 When his dear Country's Liberties lay low,
 He Fish't in all the Troubles made them so :
 When *Poland's* Kings the *Polish* Peers oppress,
 And Property was made the Monarch's Jest,

In those dear days he kept the *Royal Cash*,
 And form'd those Cheats he since *pretends* to Lash.
 Now he sets up to save the Nations Pelf,
 And wou'd have no man Cheat us but himself;
 Detects ill Practices with *eager Vote*,
 And rails at Bribes with *mercenary Throat* :
 That he should be Ungrateful and Unjust,
 Dispile the Grace, as he betray'd the Trust ;
 Be Proud, be Peevish, Insolent, and Base,
 Nature has painted that upon his Face ;
 Envy sits rampant on his tott'ring Head,
 And *R---e's* wrote there so plain that every man may read.

And now the conscious Criminal appears,
 Affects to *Cant* of *Poland's* suffering Years,
 Reproaches little Villains with their Crimes,
 And rakes among the Evils of the Times.

That he should *Poland's* Liberties maintain,
 Who can the wond'rous *Riddle* now Explain ?
 Or, who *Believe* the *Fact*, that *Knows the Man* ?
 Some think, *indeed*, it shou'd be Understood,
 A *Penitence* for *Violence* and *Blood*,
 To Expiate his share in *former Reigns*,
 The *Stink*, if not the *Guilt* of which remains.
 If that be *True*, that he should make pretence,
 To *Censure* others for a past Offence,
 Savours of most *prodigious Impudence* ;
 While he that ought to Blush at former *Times*,
 Boldly *Condemns* contemporary Crimes.

Immortal Brass sits on his testy Brows,
 Hard'ned with Bribes, with Frauds, and broken Vows ;
 Infernal Feuds flame in his guilty Eyes ;
 He starts at Peace with Anger and Surprise :
 Weak'ned in Wickedness, in Wilhes strong,
 A bribe-receiving Hand, and clamouring Tongue ;
 False to Himself, his Monarch, and his Friends,
 But to the lowest Step of Pride descends ;
 Abject, and Mean, when Fortune's Storms appear,
 Proud and Intollerable when 'tis Fair ;
 Noisy in Speech, in Manner Insolent,
 And awkwardly submits to Government.

Often the *Polish* Monarchs have essay'd,
 So much they of his Mischiefs were afraid,
 To win the Bully off with gentle Words,
 And place him in the Class of *Polish* Lords ;
 But he that lov'd the Villanies of Life,
 And chew'd the Air he breath'd to sounds of Strife,

That

That liv'd upon those Particles of Fire
Which nourish Feud, and prompt the vile Desire,
Chose all the glittering Offers to despise,
Too *vain* to be made Great, too *proud* to Rise;

Augustus try'd him with uncommon Grace,
Gave him his Household *Staff*, and Household *Place*;
His Robe of Peer attempted to put on,
But he put by that *Feather* to his Son;
Accepts the high Command without the *Name*,
Because he covets *Mischief* more than *Fame*.

The party-Zealot never could resign
His dear Speech-making old, contentious Sin,
Resolv'd the Head of *Faction* to supply,
And as he *Liv'd* unblest, uneasy *Dye*.

Augustus saw the fallen Wretch go on,
Neither by Art or Bounty to be won,
His Malice he despis'd, his Pride contemn'd,
And to his juster Fate the Wretch condemn'd;
Left him his empty Follies to pursue,
And his unvalued Favours with his *Staff* withdrew.

Th' unsteady Statesman's *Temper yet untry'd*,
Left him at once, in spite of all his Pride;
Not all his swelling Spleen would give Relief,
But sunk his Spirit underneath his Grief:
The cowardly, self-condemn'd, abandon'd Wretch,
Saw his ambitious Ends beyond his reach;
With strong Reluctance all his Honours quits,
And with his Places now resigns his Wits.
So Pride unbounded, with no Power suffic'd,
Wants Courage but to see it self Despisd.

When Men are rais'd by Fate above their Sense.
Nature must sink them in *her own defence*,
Human Society would else Decay,
And *Mad-men* quite demolish Liberty:
For when the bloated Monster's once pull'd down,
The *Soul deserts*, the Bubble's broke and gone;
Abjectly Wretched, and with Shame surpris'd,
He *meanly begs* what he before *despis'd*;
The high Extreme inverts in his Distress,
Dejected to a despicable, vile Excess.
So *Bullies* are but *Cowards* in disguise,
Who few Men Value, all Men should Despise.
Robosky next fills up the spacious Rolls,
The mighty *Captain Bassa of the Poles*;
In foreign Expeditions he's employ'd,
And many *Polish Millions* has destroy'd;

Abortive Projects flow in his loose Brain,
 He loves to make a tedious Voyage in vain.
 Abandon'd Poland, how art thou betray'd!
 Sold for that very Money thou hast paid!
 The greedy Monsters that receive thy Pay,
 Trifle thy Blood, and Time, and Strength away.
 Rokosky Covetous, and Insolent,
 On Poland's weightiest Errands has been sent;
 Small Prophecy might those Events foretel,
 Where he Commanded that cou'd Fight so well.
 His Voyages never have been made in vain,
 He took such care of coming Home again:
 No Man could ever give him a Defeat,
 And none can match him at a safe Retreat.
 The carefull'st Officer the Poles could choose,
 For when they bid him fly, he'll ne'er refuse:
 A Negative Soldier, always in the Right,
 Was never Beaten, and would seldom Fight:
 Poland will ne'er her ancient Glory sho'
 While Knaves and Cowards fight her Battles so.

Rokoski now supports the Polish Crown,
 And Fights the Quarrels of his Master's Throne,
 But Fights by Proxi when he Fights his Own.

Poland, how past Retrieve must be thy Fate,
 When Cowards guide thy Arms, and Knaves thy State!
 Can they the braver Swedish Squadrons meet,
 That stoop to Bully those they dare not Fight?
 Courage and Crime can never dwell so near,
 For where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear.

P A R T II.

I N Polish Dyet now they all appear,
 In Polish Dyet all Men free from Fear,
 May all their most malicious Thoughts declare.
 Augustus calls them to the place Supreme,
 There first they Swear to Poland, then to Him,
 That they will both Support, and both Defend,
 And All Profess what very Few intend.
 There from the Throne, He tells them of the State,
 What things occur, and prompts their calm Debate;
 Tells them his steady Thoughts due Peace to give,
 And ancient Polish Honour to Retrieve;
 How he by Law came there, by Law would Reign,
 And all their Polish Liberties maintain:
 But lets them know, he finds to his surprize,
 Some Poles are ev'n for this his Enemies.

Informs them of a deep Livonian Plot,
 And prompts them all to search it farther out.

Tells

Tells them the real Danger of the State,
 And asks them to prevent their Monarch's Fate,
 But presses them to *Peace* and *Calm Debate*,

Its all in *vain*, for *Faction* had possess'd
 Some Members, all the *Dyets* to molest ;
 In *vain* the sullen Deputies Debate,
 In *vain* they weakly prop the sinking State ,
 In *vain* to Oaths and Loyalty pretend,
 They Sell that Prince whom faintly they *Defend*.

Satyrs, with gentle strokes the *Mischief's touch*,
 How little some Men said, how some *too much* !
 How some in hopes to pull the *Cossacks* down,
 slight the *Livonian Plot*, expose the Crown,
 Cavil, Contrive, *make Speeches*, and Debate,
 And Jest too much with *Poland's* dang'rous State.
 Prepost'rous *Laws*, absurd in their Design,
 And, *made on purpose to be broke*, bring in ;
Divide, in order to *Consolidate*,
 And Tack Destruction to the wounded State.

Secure the *Polish* Freemen in a Goal,
 For fear the *Nation's Liberties* should fail.
 The *Polish* dear-bought Priviledge destroy,
 That *Dyets* Tyranny they might enjoy.
 Support the *Polish* Dignity and Crown,
 By pulling all her *just Defences* down,
 And save the tott'ring Kingdom from her Fate,
 By *Decently* Embroiling *Church* and *State*.

Makreski first, the *Dyets*'s Pamphleteer,
 Stood up ; ---all *Poland* waited on his Chair,
 For all Men look'd some wondrous thing to hear.
 So once the *Teeming Hill in Travail* Groan'd,
 Th' expecting World, the mighty Wonder own'd ;
Young Mountains, Twins at least, they lookt should come,
 When one poor *Mouse* clos'd the vast lab'ring Womb.

The empty Orator in Florid speech,
 Told them that he was just *as Wise as Rich* ;
 To's Printed Books for his Design Referr'd,
 Tho' that he e'er *Design'd*, no Mortal ever heard :
 He talkt indeed sometimes of *Church* and *State*,
 Of *Piety*, and of the Lord knows what ;
 But no Man yet his vast Intentions found,
 Deep as his *Mines*, and like his *Brains unsound*.
 'Twas full a *Polish* Hour the *Member* spoke,
 But all the *Dyets* all he said mistook :
 Some said he talk'd of *this*, and some of *that* ;
 Just so he jumb'l'd *Providence* and *Fate* :

In both, the same Intention he pursu'd,
 Neither to *understand*, or to be *understood*.
 Thus he Harangu'd them *thirteen* times and more;
 And still he left them *where they were before*.
 He talk'd of *Crowns*, of *Property* and *Law*,
 And means to make them *keep themselves in awe* ;
 Of *persecuting Peace*, and *quiet Fars*,
 Nations in *Nubibus* beyond the Stars.
 Of *moderate Feuds*, and calm *distemper'd States*;
 And mov'd to *Bleed* us, to avoid *Debates*.
 Propos'd by *Poverty* our *Wants* to cure,
 Starving our *Tradesmen* to employ the *Poor* :
 Would spoil the Nation's *Trade* to make them *Rich*
 And backt his mighty Project with a *Speech*,
 In weighty Conference propt a tott'ring Cause
 To set out Priviledge above our *Laws* :
 But as some *Learned Speeches* us'd to fail,
 Because they'd too much *Head*, and had no *Tayl* ;
 So this was hift about because they said,
 'Twas all made up of *Tayl*, and had no *Head*.
Makreski thus his *Learned Breath* bestow'd,
 And as it did no *harm* it did no *Good* ;
 And yet his *Speech* had this unlookt-for *Charm*,
 That as it did no *good*, it did no *harm*.

Packi a *Polish* Deputy stood next,
 And all the *Polish* Senators perplext ,
 His *Zeal* was for the Church so *fiery red*,
 His *Breath* at distance struck the *Cossacks* dead ;
Plosko' the *Polish* Bishop he o'erthrew,
 And made *Augustus* forc't *Resentment* shew :
 The Rev'rend *Almoner* at once displace,
 And aged *Vertue* bow'd to rampant *Vice*.
 Hark how the Party-Hero *Silence* broke,
 And mad with *Zeal*, and mad with *Envy* spoke:
 " Ye Poles (*says he*) *Regard* the tott'ring State;
 " *And think with me*, of our *Fore-Fathers* Fate ;
 " The *Rebel Cossacks* all their *Force* o'erthrew,
 " I'd rather see the *Swedes* do so for you.
 " *But let us all* the *Cossacks* first *Expel*,
 " *And Tack* their *Ruine* to the *Tribute-Bill* :
 " The Poles may then in *Peace* and *Union* thrive,
 " *And Ecclesiastick Tyranny* revive.
 " *Augustus* may our *Quiet* recommend,
 " *But while these live*, what *Peace* can He pretend ?

" *And if Augustus favours their Defence,*
 " *To His Dethroning, 'tis a just pretence,*
 " *I hate a Cossack, tho' He were my Prince.*

He spoke, and Fury choak'd his rising Spleen,
 And Passion kept more dang'rous Language in.
 For now he mourns his just Designs are cross,
 Complains that *Speech* the Place he talk'd for, lost ;
 Declares he meant no Mischief to the Crown,
 Aim'd at no gen'ral Int'rest but his *Own*,
 For that he spoke, and thought he should, no doubt,
Talk Himself in, and Talk the Cossacks out :
 But all his Province their Resentment show,
 All his *Consolidating Nonsense* know,
 Their future *Trusts* to *Packsby* they refuse,
 So perish all that *Poland's Trusts* abuse.

When froward *Towerosky* too his place,
Zeal on his *Tongue*, and *Fury* in his *Face*.
 " *Ye rev'rend Poles (says he) let Heav'n forbid*
 " *That Words should Poland's Liberties decide ;*
 " *Our Wars remote, but these are Foes indeed ;*
 " *I'd rather beat the Cossacks than the Swede.*
 " *Augustus talks to us, I hope, in vain,*
 " *Of Peace, while Faction's Cossacks shall remain,*
 " *The Spawn of Rebels of Tartarian Race,*
 " *Who ask no Favour, and deserve no Grace ;*
 " *If first Augustus will destroy the Breed,*
 " *Then Peace at Home may probably succeed ;*
 " *But while this Vip'rous Brood the Poles betray,*
 " *I'd not Augustus, tho' Himself were here, obey.*

He said, and more than half the *Dyet* bow'd,
 And with consenting Silence 'twas allow'd,
 A Law should pass the *Cossacks* to suppress,
 The only way to *Poland's Happiness*.
 Mean while th' Assembly separately repair'd,
 To Church, and there the famous *Bursky* heard,
 Now *Stansky*, then *Marosky*, and a third,
 That always dealt in *Tropes* and *Similies* absur'd ;
 These furious Priests the fatal Stroke excite,
 Tells them of Kings that spar'd th' *Amalekite* ;
 One Grave Divine, in Pulpit-Rhetorick known,
 Talk'd of the *Dyet's* Wit to show his own,
 Banter'd a *Text* or two, and talk'd some *Greek*,
 And so went home to *Drink* out all the *Week*.
 Dooms the poor *Cossacks* from the Sacred *Text*,
 And rav'd in Zeal till he the Cause perplex.

Priests, like the Female Sex, when they engage
 There's always something Bloody in their Rage.

He told the *Dyet* they must *Fight* and *Pray*,
 And pull the *Cossacks* down the *Shortest Way* ;
 And in his Zeal, so far his *Text* forgot,
 He Perjur'd his *Augustus* on the Spot ;
 Unchurch'd the Nation, Curst the *Polish Tribes*,
 And for their Cure, the *Cossacks* Blood prescribes.

Satyr, thy just Regret with Force restrain,
 With *Temper Write*, altho' thou *Think'st* with *Pain*.
 When once the Pulpit-plague Infects the Land,
 And *Sermon-Readers* get the upper-hand,
 The Nations Ruin'd, all the Towns undone,
 And Tongue-pad Evils thro' the Vitals run ;
 Reason subits its Captivated Head,
 And *Raging Nonsense* Governs in its stead.
 In vain our banish'd Liberties we seek,
 Wise Men are bound to hear, when *Coxcombs* speak ;
 Reason pays homage to Impertinence,
 And *Noise* obtains the Victory from *Sense* ;
 The *Clamouring Priest*, Dogmatick Proud and *Dull*,
 Assumes Dictating Right, and *calls his Master Fool*.

But if the Pulpit now began to Fire,
 The Press, the Pulpits Eccho, pusht it higher.
 Bold *Sacharesky*, in a Polish Rage,
 Would all the *Poles* in Civil Blood Ingage ;
 Prints his exasperated Fiery Zeal.
 And *Damns the Crown*, for fear o' th' *Common Weal*.

As two Extreame, one Mischief may prevent,
 This Fury made the *Polish* Lords relent,
 And Senators, their first Resolves, Repent.
 The *Dyet* Reasum'd, *Cavensky* broke
 The healing Party's silence first, and spoke :
 The hasty Priest (says he) I understood,
 The Gown, too often dips the Sleeves in Blood :
 Th' unheard of Insolence, amaz'd my Soul,
 And Horror seizes every Christian Pole ;
 I am a Northern Deputy 'tis known,
 Where numerous *Cossacks* dwell in every Town ;
 The Peaceful, and industrious People show,
 No reason, why they should be treated so ;
 What is't to us, what their Fore-Fathers were,
 The *Polish* Crowns too fast for us to fear ;
 Besides, Rebellions differ but in Name,
 In future Ages ours may be the same ;
 If e're the old *Jagellan* Race should Reign,
 And damn our Revolutions,

'Tis in vain :

To talk of Titles where the Swords Devour,
They'r always Rebels who have lost their Power.

The *Cossacks* now Encorporate, and Ty'd
By Laws, by Interest, and by Blood Allied,
Are Native *Poles*, in *Poland's* Interest Bound :
To tack them now, would *Poland's* Peace Confound ;
They'r rich and brave, and always have withstood,
Th' Invading *Tartars*, with their Wealth and Blood ;
And have undoubted Title to Pretend,
T' Enjoy that Land, they helpt us to Defend :
Besides, by Laws, their Liberties remain,
Those Laws, *Augustus* promis'd to Maintain,
This Priest would make those Promises in Vain :
I think their Liberties their Due, t' Enjoy,
That they may help us now, the *Svedes* Destroy ;
With him, the Old Nobility Concur'd,
And Damn'd the Bill as Cruel and Absur'd.
The Zealous Deputies resist in Vain,
And Envy Pompts them to their strong Disdain ;
With mighty Struggle, and avow'd Regret,
They only seem t' Adjourn the warm Debate ;
Resolv'd in future Dyets to Pursue,
The Cossacks Ruin, and the Nations too.

Augustus, how unhappy is thy Fate?
How hardly dost thou hold the Tottering State?
In vain, of Peace, thou do'st the *Poles* Persuade,
Deep as Infernal Darkness, their designs are Laid.
Let them no more, thy Sovereign Peace Abuse ;
Subjects can ne'er the Princes Grace Refuse ;

But 'tis a certain Signal to the Throne,
They aim at no less Purchase than his Crown,
But still *Augustus*, his just Wrath forbears,
And Honours Load the vilest Wretch he fears ;
Fain he would all their Due Allegiance Buy,
Does all his Soft Engaging Favours Try ;
To all the Charms of Kindness he's Enclin'd,
With Grace, would win a *Turks* more constant Mind.

Dispos'd to Pardon, all their Follies past,
And win them to their Countries Good at last,
Heaps Undeserv'd, his Favours on their Heads,
With gentle Hand, to their own Duty leads,

Shows them the way to save the bleeding State,
And Trusts them with his Own, and *Poland's* Fate.

'Till Treason, Blackn'd with Ingratitude,
Had all their Sense and Modesty Subdu'd ;
Ripen'd by Royal Mercy for Reproof,
The Patient Prince had been Provok'd enough.

In vain he's of *Livonian* Plots afraid,
And *Swedes* preparing *Poland* to Invade ;
Intestine Feud, the *Polish* Rakes Pursue
Their King, instead of *Cossacks* to undo ;
Neglect the publick danger to the last,
And make the Nations real Fear, their Jest ;
Willing to leave us Open to surprize,
Poland can have no greater Enemies.

Tocoksi first, a forward Southern Pole,
A Polish'd Carcass, and a *Burnish'd* Soul ;
We cannot say, he did the silence Break,
For he did always *little else but speak* :
How vain a thing's the Empty Sound of Words,
Abstracted from the meaning it affords.
Long Speeches from his *beated spleen* proceed,
And Nature makes him talk, to ease his Head ;
The *Hypocondriack* Vapours, upward Fly,
And forms some Words of State and Policy ;
Bear with the States-man, 'twas his *flux of Gall*,
For all Men know, he never meant at all.

He Dooms the *Cossacks* to *Tartarian* Shades,
Their Civil and Religious Rights Invades,
Demand no Reason Satyr, that's supply'd
With Passion, Parties, Prejudice and Pride ;
But if his Wiser Arguments you'd know,
He heard 'twas Just, *Old Seymsky* told him so ;
That Learned Oracle supports the Cause,
And Noisy Zeal supplies the wont of Laws.

The Hot Young Beau, affects the *Marshals* Chair,
And hopes in time to rule *the Dyet* there ;
Now he's the Party Leader of the Day,
Resolv'd to teach the *Cossacks* how to Pray,
Or from the *Polish* Church to Drive 'em all away.

A Troop of *Tackers* at his Elbow stand,
Ready to move at his Usurpt Command,
Who all the Image of their Captain bear,
And in their Name may Read their Character :
The Word *in Polish*, signifies a Fool,
A Man without a Meaning, call'd a Tool,
A Weighty Block-head with an Empty Scull.

Nor let enquiring Heads decline the Name,
Tackers and *Tokites* always are the same;
 The Emblematick Title's eas'ly known,
 Their *Coat of Arms*, stands up in *Warsaw* Town;
 Rampant the *Ass*, Enrob'd in *Lyons Skin*,
 To make the *Bully* keep the *Block-head* in;
 Quarter'd at large it lies, *Parte-Per-Pale*,
 The *Asses Ears* against the *Lyons Tail* :
 The Family from *Tartary* Descends,
 And all the *Furioso's* are their Friend;
 Before the *Swedish* Conquest they came in,
 And some are lately Run away again,
 Their num'rous Off-spring fills our *Polish* Rolls,
 So close allay'd to all our Native *Poles* ;
 " We hardly know from whence they came, or when,
 " And yet they boast they're *True-born* Polish-men.
 These are the Men would pull the *Cossacks* down,
 And after them, *Augustus* and his Crown,
 But *Poland's* Genius Laught in *Hissing Air*,
 And Guilt made all the *Rakes* disclose their Fear,
 The *BILL's* thrown out, but still they push their Cause,
 In future *Dyet* hope for future *Laws* ;
 Rail at the *Cossacks* false *Constructions* draw,
 And *Bully* those they cannot *Kill by Law*.
Bromsky with *Polish* Air, but *Swedish* Skill,
 Boasts that he was the *Father of the Bill* :
 In Foreign Parts he Travell'd much in Vain,
 Just made a *Book*, and so came *Home* again :
 Tells us he saw a *Bridge* at *Rocheſter*,
 And when he was at *Chatham*, HE WAS THERE :
 So when progressively to *France* he's come,
 He Gravely ſays, *he knew he wa'n't at Home* ;
 Tells us he ſaw at *Oyſe* a ſad Diſaſter,
 The *Bride* broke down, becauſe't *could ſtand no faſter*.
 And at *Chantilly*, th' *Prince of Conde's* Town,
 A *Caſtle* flood, before they pull'd it down ;
Monſtreuil's Fortify'd, but is not Strong,
Paris lyes round, and yet is two *Mile* long ;
 And, of the *Buildings*, this Sage *Truth* he tells,
 They're gen'rally of *Stone*, OR SOMETHING ELSE
 ſome *Lands* iye high, ſome lower ſtill and lower,
 And where the *People* are not *Rich*, THEY'RE POOR.
 The *Learned* Author then proceeds to tell
 How near the *Alps* he clamber'd up a *Hill*,
 With many a weary *Step*, and many a *Stride*,
 And ſo came down again, on t'other ſide.

Tell us at *Rome* he saw a swinging Church,
 And reads a Learned *Lecture* on the Porch :
 Inform'd the World in Print where he had been,
But bought the Books himself, for fear they should be seen.

This worthy Author, warm with *Polish Zeal*,
 Strives all the *Cossacks* Freedom to repeal,
 Corrects the Bill, and to remove our Doubt,
 The *Persecution Preamble* left out ;
 A Mark of Honest, to let us kno',
 They Scorn'd to Hiee *what they resolv'd to do* ;
 Sure of the Game, the Mask was so laid by,
 And blinded *Cossacks* saw their Destiny.

Thus fir'd with Party Zeal, he Read the Bill,
 And ask'd the Dyet how they lik'd *his Stile*,
 With many a Learned Speech and formal Face,
 For *Italy* had taught him *the Grimace*.
 The Exasperated Fop his Plot Declares,
 And to the Dyet makes *Revengeful Prayers*,
 At *Cossacks* Ruin, makes the Grand Essay,
 And tacks the Churches Fall *the Shortest Way*.

Meersky, an Ancient Mercenary Pole,
 With Vitious Body, and a Harden'd Soul,
 Grown Old in *Crimes*, as he was Lame in *Sense*,
 But not at all decay'd in *Impudence* ;
 His long since baff'd Conscience told his Fate,
He owns he's Damn'd, and there's an end of that :
 But for the *Cossacks* Bill he rav'd so loud,
 And so inflam'd his Old fermented Blood,
 That some advis'd him to go home to *Bed*,
 Open a Vein or Two, and Shave *his Head*,
 Not knowing he had long ago been Mad.

3

The *Old Buffoon*, Debauch'd in early time,
 Boasts of his Vice, and Hugs himself in Crime :
 Lewdness has Forty Years forsook the Beast,
 And left his Vicious Body to its Age and Rest ;
 But tho' the Active part of Vice is Dead,
The Rampant Devil's Regnant in his Head,
 Hurries the Lewd Distemper'd Wretch along,
 With vile *Blaspheming Voice*, and *Bandy Tongue*.

Well might an *Antient Polish Bard* Decree,
Jouler the Hound, a Wiser Beast than he :
Meersky has always been *the Dyets Jest*,
 Laughs loudest at himself, to Please the rest ;
 Betwixt the Extreans of Banter, and of Rage,
 He made himself the Fool, *the House, the Stage*,
 The *Polish Merry-Andrew*, shifting Shapes,
Till he's the very Block-Head which he Apes.

Wardsky

Wardsky, a Deputy of Northern Race,
 Weak in his Head, but very strong in Face;
Affurance many Blessings may contain,
 And often times *supplies the want of Brain* ;
 A *Junior Tookite* forward in the Cause,
 To Damn the *Cossacks* by unheard of Laws ;
 A Scolding Clamouring Member, Vain and Loud,
 Noisy in Words, and *not a little proud* ;
 His *Polish* Fury ran before his Sence,
 Mighty in Wit, vast in Impertinence ;
 The Hissing Dyet Laught, the Beau went on,
 Mutter'd a Curse or two, *and so sat down*.

Satyr, make room for Men of *Polish* Wit,
 Whose Zeal as well as Learning's too Polite :
 A *Polish* Tookite of Collegiate Fame,
 Hight *Annestesky*, that's his *Polish* Name.

He learnt ill Tongues in *Cambrid's Famous Hall* ;
 And *very aptly* represents them all :
 Down with the *Cossacks* in his Darling Word,
 The Bully Tongue *supplies the Tamer Sword* ;
 He damns the *Cossacks* with Exalted Vote,
 And horrid Language fills his raveing Throat ;
 Nor does it check the Man's degenerate Scorn,
 To think that he *himself's a Cassock Born* ;
 Rather than not suppress the Growing Evil,
 He freely Votes *his Fathers to the Devil*.

Never did University pretend,
 To *Polish* Dyet such a Wretch to send ;
 'Tis own'd they did not Chuse him for his Sence ;
 But he got in by *Dint of Impudence* ;
 A finish'd Coxcomb, with assuming Wit,
 In all but *Sense and Manners* he's Compleat,
 So furnisht with the Language of the Town,
 He made *our Dunghil Rhetorick*, all his own ;
 All his endeavours to support the State,
 H' Expresses in the *Stile of Billingsgate* ;
 Of Modesty and Manners very shy,
 And blest with every Gift but Honesty.

Gransky was newly made a *Polish* Lord,
 Tho' most Men thought 'twas hasty and absur'd,
 His Honour thus, before his Wealth should rise,
 But that his *other Stock*, that Want supplies.

One farther Mischief his Advancement brought,
 Our *Polish Mob* have made the Grievance out ;
May-fair and *Hockly* suffer such a blow,
 'Twill all the *Bears* and *Back-sword-men* undo ;

All things give way to Fate's eternal Doom,
 The shouting Croud ha' lost their Captain Tom.
 See how the *Stage of Dirty Honour fails*;
 And *Warsaw* her *Street-Colonel* bewails;
 No more the *Gladiator* now appears,
 Patron to all the *Whores*, and all the *Bears*,
 The *Polish Smithfield* Butchers storm and rage,
 And sable Weeds adorn the drooping Stage;
Prize-fighting Triumphs pass no more *Cheap-side*,
 Nor *female Champions* in their Armour ride,
 The *Sword* and *Dagger* *Heroes* are undone,
Gransky their Darling Patron, *Gransky's* gone;
Augustus thus at one unhappy Word,
 Lost the wild Gentry first to gain the Lord.

Yet *Gransky* once the People's Humour Cross,
 He would be for the *Bill*, whate'er it cost,
 Though all the *Poles* their high *Dislike* express,
 And so the *Bill* and *Lord* made up the Jest:
Gransky was always Zealous for the State,
 But when the *Swedes* endanger'd *Poland's* Fate,
 He gravely Vow'd and Swore he'd ne'er Associate.

Not Vows nor Oaths can *Polish* Members bind,
 When latent Prospects preposses the Mind;
 For when he had the *Mareschal's Chair* in View,
 Thro' *Forty Oaths* that Blessing he'd Pursue.
Satyr, The Ambitious Wretch commiserate,
 Insult no more a Man of adverse Fate;
 The Sullen Member, *Chagrin* and *Perplex*;
 With high extreams of Pride, and Envy Vext,
 Because from Speaking Office he must Fall,
 For two long Years, he'd hardly speak at all.

Augustus always, all Men's Good intends,
 To make the Man of Mischief some Amends,
 He sent him down among his *Western* Friends:
 The *Tinners* Petty Dyet he prepares,
Bear-Garden there, in *Minature* Appears;
 The *Mobb-Assembly* healed his Discontent,
 For *Rabble* always was his Element.

In High Mock-Majetty, and awkward State,
 He Apes the Prince, and thinks himself as great:
 The Black Assembly, in the Sulph'rous Shades,
 Where Mining Hand the Glitt'ring Oar Invades,
 "With all the Elder Devils of the Mines,
 "He calls in *Convocations* like *Divines*;
 Mobb'd them a Speech, within their Smoaky Den,
 Said much of Nothing, and came Home again.

Banksky, a New Contemporary Lord,
 An Orator at *Poland's Chancery Board*,
 Furnish'd with *Ciceronian Eloquence*,
 And mighty *flights* of Language, *none of Sence* ;
Speech-making was his due Paternal Fame,
 And made his Voice a *Pun* upon his Name ;
 A Tongue-Pad Family of *Wheedling Race*.
 And talks of *nothing* with a *Wond'rous Grace*.

Augustus mov'd him, as 'twas understood,
 That he might do no Harm who did no Good :
 The *Cossacks* at his Honour much Rejoice,
 For right or wrong, they always lost his Voice ;
 And *Finchsky's* glad of his Assistance here,
 To check sometimes the too much talking *Peer* ;
 By Force to stop the forward weak Effort,
 Least he should make the *Dyet* too much Sport :
 How oft in Pity has he Pinn'd him down,
 Whisper'd his Father's Credit, and his own :
 Told him his Grandfire's old, substantial Rule,
That Silence never can describe a Fool.

Unhappy *Finsky*, had he been but *Wife*,
 And took his Younger Brother's grave Advice,
Whartsky, *Mobunsky*, and a Hundred more,
 Had been as Sober as they were before ;
 The *Dyet's* Gravity had ne'er been broke.
For no Man Laugh'd but just when Finsky spoke.

Bucksky, a *stalking, sharpening, Polish Peer*,
 A *Whoring, Gaming, Swearing Chicaneer* ;
 How just is Fate in his well-known *Disease*,
 To make him *Love* the *Whore* he cannot *Pleasant* ;
 Strange Power of *Vice*, whose Fury will Prevail,
 Possess the *Head* where it has left the *Tail*,
 Nature grown *Antick* and *Impertinent*,
 Lets *this* be *Lead*, and *that* be *Impotent*.
 Had there been *Money* moving with the *Bill*,
 Both Sides knew how to purchase his good *Will* ;
 His *Vote's* so sure, it never can be lost,
 'Tis always to be had by *Who bids most* ?
Warsaw remembers him of *Old* for *that*,
Tho' other Members suffer'd for the *Cheat*.
 When *City Brothers Orphans* fund pursue,
 And lost their *Bill*, and lost their *Money* too.
 His lofty *Pallace* now affronts the *Park*.
 Lightsome the *Tenement*, th' *Incumbent Dark* ;
 The *Emblematick Sides* describe *his Grace*,
 This *Double Front*, and that a *Double Face*.

Sibi Molestus, on the Coyns appear,
 Tho' most Men think his Lordship need not fear,
 No Man can envy him, *his Heaven here*,
Lætantur Lares guilds the spacious Frize,
 For Household Gods dwell there of every Size ;
 'Twas ne'er for these he built the spacious Dome,
 For all his Grace's Gods would lye in far less Room.

Guinsky, a Tartar of *Circassian* Race,
 Whate'er he wants in Head, makes up in Face ;
 In spite of Title, will be call'd a Pole,
 A *Russian* Phys, and a *Tartarian* Soul :
 In Prudence Light, and in his Follies Grave,
 For Nature makes the Fool suppress the Knave :
 A *Cossack* Bred, but grew a Coxcomb Young,
 His Wits Decreasing, as his Pride grew strong :
 The short Instruction had prepar'd his Mind,
 But as his Vice encreas'd, his Sence declin'd ;
 Ambition now his antient Thoughts employs,
 And all the little Grace he had destroys
 With empty Notions ; Occupies his Head,
 In *Semskey's* *Western* Empire to succeed ;
 Affects the antient Tyrant's vilest Part,
 To fawn with Spleen, and to insult with Art :
 In *Poland's* *Western* Capital he Reigns,
 Banter himself at most excessive Pains :
 Seeks the Recorder's Chair, and fain he would
 Dispense those Laws he never understood.
 A *Hackney* Deputy for every Town,
 But soonest Chosen where he least was known :
 Full Thirty Years he did the House molest,
 The Dyet's Banter, and the Kingdom's Jest :
 In strong assuming Nonsense still goes on,
 Railing at Places, but forgets his own :
 A Patent Broker Jobbs a great Employ,
 That he may th' Money, *not the Post* Enjoy ;
 For Bear-Skin Places, Chaffers with the State,
 Secures the Cash, and leaves the rest to Fate ;
 Enricht with Fraud, in Trick, and Cheat grown Old,
 And Places Bought on purpose to be Sold.
 Yet to compleat himself the Nation's Jest,
 He damn'd the very Bribes that he possess :
 By his own Vote, disgorges ill got Fees,
 And so by Law corrects his own Disease :

Thus he became the Dyet's daily Sport,
 A Knave in *Council*, and a Boor at *Court* :
 Learn'd without Letters, vain without *Conceit*,
 Empty of Manners, over grown in Wit :
 Of High Tyrannick Notions prepossess'd,
 The fitter to be Monarch of the *West*,
 When *Semsky's* froward Spirits gone to Rest.

Powsky, a noisy *Polish* Advocate,
 Grown Rich by Law, and busie in the State ;
 Gravely he speaks in *Polish* Bombast Stile,
 And thinks the Dyet's Pleas'd, because they Smile ;
 Tho' *Finsky* could have laid him down the Rule,
 A Wife Man's Smile's a Banter to a Fool :
 But *Powsky* furnish'd with *Opinion Wit*,
 None but uncommon Follies can commit ;
 In Thought profound, and in Contrivance vast,
 Speaks best to every Question when 'tis past.

Some Rakish *Poles*, with these at once concurr'd,
 Who Peace and *Cossacks* both alike abhorr'd ;
 Basse in Vice, but careless of the State,
 Thoughtless of Party-Peace, or *Poland's* Fate ;
 Of these, mad *Crakerosky* was the first,
 Of all the *Polish* Deputies the worst ;
 Mean to a Proverb, and below Lampoon,
 Was Born too late, and may be H--- too soon.
 The former Dyets thrust him out of Doors,
 And let him loose to Laws, and *Polish* Whores ;
 Tho' 'twas confess'd, the Bribe was not the Crime,
 But 'twas the *R---c* that Told on't ruin'd him :

Cooksky, a City Knight, got out of Jayl,
 Stock-jobb'd the *Stare*, to make the Bill prevail :
 The *Dantzick* Merchant's Mercenary Tool,
 A Knave in Trade, and in the State a F--l :
 Once he to *Warsaw's* Castle did withdraw,
 Secur'd against his Creditors by Law.
 The Dyet did his Crimes indeed persue,
 But Fate concur'd the Jayl that was his due,
 Was Punishment, and was Protection too :
 Vilely he Spent, what basely he had Won,
 By Bribes Enricht, and by that Wealth undone.

These are the Men, that Govern *Poland's* Fate,
 And pull her down to make her very great ;
 With a vast Crowd that serve their Prince in Vain,
 With busie Heads, but very Empty Brain,

With hasty Vote promote the *Cossacks* Fate,
 And to preserve the Church, undo the State.
 Consolidating *Heroes* who supply
 Their want of Sense, with want of Honesty;
 But still *Augustus* in the Center stands,
 And guides the dangerous Reins with steady Hands.
 Supported by his People's chearful Aid,
 No more at false *Livonians* he's dismay'd,
 Or of the fierce invading *Swedes* afraid:
 The Dyet rises, and the King intends
 To purge his Household, and reform his Friends:
 Dismisses from his Presence and his Pay,
 The Guilty *Poles*, who hardly durst their Sentence stay,
 But fled before the High Command came down,
 And left him still possess'd of his long envy'd Crown.

So *Semsky* first dismiss'd th' awakened Court,
 To Western *Poles* conveys the swift report,
 Tells them in what Disgust he came away,
 Because h'had been too great a R---ke to stay;
 That all his late proclaim'd Disgrace had been,
 Because he wanted Manners to his Qu---n;
 The Case was hard, since it was always known,
 He scorn'd his Birth, and vow'd to die a Clown:
 A Boar of Quality, to whom it chanc'd,
 That for his Anti-merit was advanc'd.

Villiaski follow'd, conscious of his Crimes,
 Loth to account for *Sobieski's* Times;
Augustus Sobieski's rule pursues,
 This can't employ the Wretch could that abuse;
Equal their Right, He that could that betray,
 It can't be fairly thought, should this obey.

Finski prevented the approaching Fates,
 And wisely his own Fall anticipates:
 The Courtier with the States man he resign'd,
 Guilt taught him so much of his Prince's Mind.
 Too happy *Poland*, if thy Sons but knew,
 How their own just Deliverance to pursue:
 Let the Degenerate Palatines combine,
 Their Prince and Liberties to undermine;
 Call in the *Swedes*, consult, confederate,
 With the Insatiate En'mies of the State:
 'Tis all in vain, Heaven points the Sacred Way,
 To them that dare *Augustus* still obey.
 Let them but in his juster Cause unite,
 'Tis Justice and the Law make Cowards fight.

*They that Advance to Liberty's Defence
Find double Vigour in their Innocence .*

**Invading Swedes will never once prevail,
Till Poland's Peace at home begins to fail.**

Long may *Augustus* wear the *Polish* Crown,
And *Poland* his Triumphant Glories own :
His Council steady, and his States men Just,
When these are happy once, *The Monarch* must.

if there's a States-man honest and upright,
Whom neither Knaves can bribe, nor Fools invite ;
Who with unbyas't hands can hold the Reins,
And seeks to save his Countries lost Remains,
That loves the People and obeys the Crown,
And seeks the Nations safety, not his own :
Unhappy Poland ! find the *Hero* out,
Court him, Let Great *Augustus* Court him to't.
Let no State Niceties prevent his Choice,
All Poland calls him with united Voice.

'Tis done, the *Polish* Genius has prevail'd,
And Heaven has this new Blessing just Intai'd :
Not all the *Swede's* Invading Troops shall awe,
The *Loyal Poles* their Duty to withdraw ;
Confederate Lords with their disloyal Train,
Shall always make the vile Attempt in vain.
While Heaven directs *Augustus* to apply,
To Men of Council, Men of Honesty,
'T's a certain Sign there is Deliverance nigh.

How happy is *Augustus* in his Choice,
That makes the *Swedes* repine, the *Poles* rejoice :
See how the secret black Cabals abate,
And quit their Councils to avoid their Fate.
The Male-Contents Discern their vile Mistake,
And old degenerate Principles forsake.
See how for early Pardon now they sue,
And their Allegiance openly renew.

The Happy Monarch sees the Cloud disperse,
And distant Peace shall guild the Universe ;
The *Poles* their Loyalty begin to show,
But *Satyr*, view the Men that made it so.

A Prince's Choice of Ministry and State,
Determines both his Wisdom and his Fate.
Wise Councils may a weaker Prince Restore,
But none has these, but what were wise before.

Grave *Casimir* revolving and sedate,
The Dyet's *Marshal* plac'd in *Finsky's* Seat,
This Guides the Treasure, That directs the State.

Augustus has found out the happy Two,
That his abstracted Int'rest can pursue ;
Employ their abler Heads t'assist his Crown,
Regard His Interest and neglect their own :
With Equal Zeal, in *Poland's* Safety join,
May all that love *Augustus* thus Combine.

No Secret Crime their Personal Vertue stains,
 No Swedish Poyson'd Blood Infects their Veins :
 Strangers to Avarice, they're well describ'd,
 With *Hearts* untainted, and with *Hands* unbrib'd.
 The *Polish* Greatness is their true design,
 How long has Poland mourn'd for two such Men !
 That count the Nation's Happiness their own,
 Retrieve our Credit, and support our Throne ;
 Our *Bankrupt* Funds, and *mortgag'd* Cash restore,
 And make us *Rich* by *That* which made us *Poor*.
 The Nation's Joy in their Advancements seen,
 And growing Triumphs Crown the peaceful Reign !

Long may *Augustus* their just Cares enjoy,
 Till their true *Measures* all his *Fears* destroy.
 Till all *Livonian* Plots in *Embrio's* lye,
 Abortive *Treasons* in *Conception* die ;
 Traytors surrender to unerring Law,
 And *Swedish* Troops from *Polish* Lands withdraw.
 A universal Satisfaction shines,
 And coming Peace appears in their Designs.
 A flowing Cash will due *Success* secure ;
 'Tis this alone must end the *Swedish* War,
 For things are alter'd, ' Fighting's grown absurd,
 'Tis now the *Purse* that *Conquers*, not the *Sword*.
 And he that can the *Polish* Wealth advance,
 Strikes at the *Root* of *Swedeland*, and of *France*.

This *Casimir* has done, and *This* alone
 Has chang'd so much of late the smiling Scene ;
 These are the Agents of the *Polish* Peace,
 To these we freely own our *Happiness* ;
 Firmly the willing *Poles* to these adhere,
 Love 'em with *Joy*, and trust 'em without *Fear*.
 Fixtly the gen'ral Int'rest they pursue,
 With faithful Vigour publick Business do,
 For *This* Belov'd by *Pole* and *Cossack* too.

The Conclusion.

OF all the needful Helps to Sov'reign Rule,
 The useful'st Thing in Poland is a *Fool* ;
 Among the *Ustensils* of Government,
 No *Tool*, like Him, supplies the grand Intent :
 When he's in close *Cabal*, and *Council* set,
 To turn the monst'rous *Wind-Mill* of the State.
 The huge, unweildy, tott'ring *Fabrick* stands,
 Too solid for his Head, too heavy for his Hands :
 The Force Reverts, and with the swift Recoil,
 Assuming Statesmen perish in the Broil.
 So, Mischief like, the high returning Tide,
 Brings sure Destruction on it's Author's Head ;
 As *Engineers*, that ill support their Mine,
 Sink in the Ruine of their own Design.

Poland, how strangely has thy Land been blest,
 By Fools redeem'd, when e'er by Knaves oppress :
 The graver Blockheads of thy tott'ring State,
 Protect thy Fame, and help to make thee Great.
 For when they might thy Government o'erthrow,
 The harmless *Things themselves* alone undo.
 The untrain'd Politicians court their Fate,
 If *Knaves* were never *Fools*, they'd soon blow up the State.

Here Men the *Dignity of Folly* gain,
 And never live without their Wits *in vain* ;
 The empty *Head*, and noisy *Tongue* appear,
 A Step to Fame, and Dubs a *Polish Peer*.
Coxcombs of huge, uncommon Size we find,
 And *Fools* beyond the Rate of humane Kind,
 No Nation can such *happy Blockheads* show,
Fools of Design, and *Fools of Learning* too ;
 With necessary *Dulness* so supply'd,
 Their want of *Brains* has all the *Vice* destroy'd :
 So gravely *silly*, so refin'dly *dull*,
 So clear the *Head*, and yet so thick the *Skull* ;
 So damn'd to *Forms*, and so ty'd up to *Rules*,
 Poland shall vye with all the World for *Fools*.
 In Council *hasty*, in Performance *slow*,
 No Nation such a Breed of *Fools* can show :
 Purse proud and Fanciful they boast of Sense,
 A certain Sign 'tis but a vain Pretence,
 Loss of Discretion's their chief Happiness,
 No Men that want their Brains can want them less.
 These are the Manufactures of the Land,
 The Props on which our *Polish Freedoms* stand ;
 That many a *Polish Province* represent,
 And join'd with *Knaves* make up a *Polish Parliament* :
 That help to puzzle Causes in the *House*,
 And Hunt a Question, as a *Fox* a *Goose* :
 Strange Miracles they often-times perform,
 And *Calm* the *Dyet* when 'tis in a *Storm*.
*Misers*ky the Grand Exper'ment often made,
 Has made them *Laugh* and *Rage*, be *Plas'd* and *Mad* :
 Nature made *Fools* a *Dernier* high Resort,
 To temper Men of *Sense*, and make them *Sport* :
 Like *David's Harp* they can the Nation Doze,
 And drive the *Devil* from the *Crazy House*.

Satyr, forbear to search the Wound too far,
 Lest Poland's latent Errors should appear ;
 'ts Enough, the Nation knows the curst Design,
 Has broke the Project, and has *Markt the Men*.
Augustus sees, Heaven has his Soul inform'd,
 The *Fools* are all laid by, the *Knaves* disarm'd ;
Wisdom and *Temper* settles *Poland's Fate*,
 And *Moderation* Guides the Helm of State,
 'Tis *this* makes Poland safe, *this* makes *Augustus Great*.

